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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1916

Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

Mercury going up. 'Ware grip!

Is it a case of "Root, hog, or die?"

Success is not what other people think you have done; it is what you know you have done.

The worst that can be said of the report that Carranza is doomed is that it may be premature.

Who will be Philadelphia's Lloyd-George to look at the Polo Grounds in New York and inquire if we must always be "Too late?"

Dr. G. E. de Schweinitz spoke last night before the Franklin Institute on "Drug and Occupational Amblyopias." But what are amblyopias?

The Florida delegation to the Republican National Convention has been elected without instructions. Ambitious candidates, please take notice.

"You couldn't build enough submarines to absolutely defend this country," said Admiral Grant, smashing an infinitive and several illusions at one time.

Some of the Shakespeare revivals now going on seem to emphasize the fact that it is the tercentenary of the Bard's death they are celebrating.

Recorder Nitsche's plan for a stadium for the University ought to commend itself to the judgment of the ever wide-awake Philadelphian. The Chamber of Commerce has already indorsed it and stands ready to conduct a campaign to raise money for its erection. There is money enough in the city to build it and give it to the University. But whether it becomes the property of the University or not it should be built. The city needs it without delay.

The movement to keep fire-alarm keys in saloons, bakeries and elsewhere, except at the alarm box, is interesting to the mind. The advantage of keeping the shoebrush in the china closet and the soap under the piano are trivial in comparison. Nothing is so pleasant when a fire breaks out as dashing into a convenient bakery, eating a Vienna roll (or French if one is for the Allies), and then dashing out again. As for saloons, where will the keys be kept when Philadelphia goes dry? Or on Sundays?

The New York State Republicans, apart from flirting needlessly and almost cruelly with Mr. Root's name as a presidential nominee, did its most important work in the election of the four delegates-at-large. The choice fell on Governor Whitman, Senator Wadsworth, Frederick C. Tanner and Elton B. Brown. Senator Wadsworth was on the Whitman pro-Progressive state as well as on that of William Barnes. Mr. Brown was a Barnes choice. The balance of power rests with Whitman and Tanner. Mr. Barnes, not yet wholly discredited, has received the smaller piece of pie. Delegates show which way the wind blows.

The two great Republican speeches of the last two days agreed in their analysis of the acts of the present Administration and in laying down the principles of Republican attack. The ammunition is no longer a matter of doubt. But as to the gun which will hurt the projectiles, there is much disagreement. Mr. Root deviated from his set speech in order not to mention the name of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Beck as pointedly did mention Mr. Roosevelt, and the ensuing outburst indicates the state of Republican sentiment here. There is undoubtedly a growing friendliness toward the Colonel in standpoint Republican circles throughout the country.

The reported fall of Erzerum, capital and stronghold of Armenia, is hailed by the Russians as of greater significance than the capture (the first, that is) of Przemyel. Both of these feats were accomplished under the direction of the Grand Duke Nicholas. The first, crowning the westward sweep of the Russians, had an immediate and saving effect on the operations of the Allies in the west. The second, at a time when neither Bulgaria nor Turkey can see profit in continued participation in the war, may have a far more definite result. At any rate, one route to Turkey has been forced, and the end business of Gallipoli is in a measure determined by the Russians.

Maximilian Harden has been the most while minded of thinkers and the bitterest critic of whatever did not appeal to him in Germany. Yet when he talks for publication, as he did recently in Berlin, there creep into his words the extraordinary duplicity which has characterized so many of his German utterances for many months. Germany has a case, still imperfectly stated before the world, but her publicists are aping it in advance. Harden catalogues the great delusions of the Allies. The first is that Germany prepared for the war; the second, that she is being exhausted. Both are wrong, says the one-time irreproachable German, leaving the world to wonder how under heaven Germany has stayed off exhaustion if she did not prepare. And if both the delusions are true, then the British

blockade has not starved the German populace and never could, and the submarine exploits in which this country is tragically interested were not retaliation, but wanton outrage! Harden has been suspected by the German Government of disloyalty, but now he is beyond suspicion. It needs more than loyalty to speak so illogically.

MR. ROOT FRAMES THE ISSUES

The Democracy failed to grasp the situation which confronted it at the beginning and its change of front on preparedness and tariff revision is a confession of its incompetence. Its wabbling foreign policy is further evidence that its leaders are not big enough to be trusted with power.

WHEN Elihu Root told the New York Republican convention that the defects of the present Administration arise from the education and training of the President and from the general incapacity of the Democracy he covered the ground. The rest was elaboration.

If no grave issues had arisen during his term the President might have succeeded in winning a reputation for sagacity and statesmanship. But he has been confronted by a great world crisis. He is slowly crumpling under the burden. Mr. Bryan gave out in advance of Mr. Wilson. The problems of international law which he had to solve were too big for him. The grave problems of statesmanship found Mr. Wilson unprepared to comprehend them. He has changed his mind both on the question of preparedness and on the tariff revision within a few months and has completely reversed his attitude of a year ago.

Yet forward-looking men knew eighteen months before that the Administration was headed in the wrong direction. They knew that the respect for rights of Americans on the sea could not be effectively protected unless the demands of our State Department were backed by the determination of the Government to enforce them by arms if necessary. They knew that preparation for national defense would serve in the existing emergency as a warning to the belligerents that we meant business. The belated conversion of Mr. Wilson from his beautiful plan of a "citizenry in arms" to a plan for a larger national army, a big reserve and a navy equal to the best in the world will have some effect on the nations with whom we are in diplomatic correspondence. But if the long series of notes had been accompanied from the beginning with a vigorous campaign for stronger military forces it is not likely that we would be still waiting for a settlement.

The tariff, which we are told was the most perfect Congress had voted, has needed revision from the moment that the war began. As in the case of our diplomacy, forward-looking men were aware of the great commercial crisis that would follow the signing of the peace treaties. But the Democracy refused to admit that there was any peril. Its leaders are just beginning to understand the situation and are floundering around in an attempt to meet the crisis. The tariff commission, which they killed by starvation, is to be revived in some form, because they have learned that if there is to be the proper kind of a tariff law the advice and assistance of experts is needed.

It has been in many ways a Government of amateurs, learning the art of governing at the expense of the nation.

The Democracy may blunder through and retrieve some of the errors that it has made. But Mr. Root left no one in doubt of his belief that it had made so many mistakes that whatever it might accomplish in the remainder of its lease of power it had forfeited the confidence of the people. It is a minority Government at best, in power through a split in the majority party. The majority of the voters have been opposed to it from the beginning. They have been most tolerant of its mistakes. Through all its stupid Mexican policy they have hoped that something might be done to insure the protection of American lives across the border. But conditions are growing worse there instead of better. They have hoped that American lives could be protected on the seas, but the submarine policy of the Teutonic Allies remains apparently unchanged.

It is inevitable that the foreign policy of Mr. Wilson shall be one of the burning issues of the campaign. Mr. Root's speech has lifted it into prominence, has challenged its wisdom and has indicted those in charge of it for their weakness and vacillation.

Partisanship stops at salt water only where there is confidence in the efficiency of those in charge of foreign relations. As the sentiment of the nation finds expression during the next few months we shall discover the extent to which it trusts Mr. Wilson's diplomacy. We already know that it does not have confidence in his economic theories.

A MILLION FOR TEMPLE

THE campaign to raise a million dollars as an endowment for Temple University comes appropriately enough at the time when Doctor Conwell's birthday is celebrated. For it must be understood that the tremendous burden which he has borne for thirty years cannot longer be left on his shoulders. Nor is it right that the burden should remain as it is.

Of the service which Temple has given and continues to give there is little need to speak in Philadelphia. The classes which meet at night have centered attention on this department of the university; yet courses are conducted from nine in the morning, and in the expansion of the curriculum Temple has kept pace with the best educational thought in the country. It has lacked the "rah-rah" spirit, perhaps, but it has never suffered from lack of loyalty. Obviously the first demands for the million will be upon graduates, and if they understand themselves and realize what Temple has done for them, the response will be generous.

Because those graduates have profited Philadelphia, Philadelphia can and must encourage their efforts, giving as fully and as freely as they give themselves.

Tom Daly's Column

To Frank Baker
We shouted for you long, oh, long, old top!
We praised you and we called you loud and long.
We thought it was a crime for you to stop
While you were still a youngster going strong.
We disapproved your rest of yesterday
And all your glory laid upon the shelf.
But now—well now, it's different, my dear—
We hope you will not overwork yourself.

We know you feel you're just as strong today
As when you used to work for Connie Mack;
We'll laugh with you at those who'd dare to say
You never would and never could come back.

You're big and strong, but you can never tell
Just what a change of climate means, old pard.
Believe us, Frank, you'll please us just as well
If you'll go slow, old top. Don't swing too hard!

What Is Your Favorite Smile?

At the last minute L. C. G. flashed under the wire with this:
"He's as small as a nit on the nut of a goat."
He wins—as they say in sporting circles—and the prize will go to him, if he'll send his full address.

A HUNDRED years ago, in this town, the lottery was in full blast and its chief agent seems to have been one not ineptly named "M. Fortune." Under an illuminated chapter containing this audacious motto: "Deo duce fortuna comite," his advertisement in the Philadelphia Directory for 1818 reads:

M. Fortune's numerous friends and fellow citizens to whom he tenders his best acknowledgments for past favors are invited to call, as usual, at his Grand State Lottery Office, No. 117 Chestnut street, where a select variety of tickets, at the current price, are with due deference, presented to their choice. Who sold the \$50,000 prize? Fortune. Who sold the countless prizes of \$10,000, \$5,000, \$2,000, \$1,000, \$500, etc., etc? Fortune.

At the call shall the serious, the gay and the fair.

Whether soldier, sage, beauty, divine;
To my temple, in blithe expectation, repair,
And offer their vows at the shrine!

*Temple of Fortune, 117 Chestnut street.

The Better Part of Valor

You should not strike a man when he is down. It's mean, and then it isn't safe, because, you see, he may get up again.

Dr. Alex. Hamilton in Philadelphia

Tuesday, June 12.—This seemed to me an ideal kind of a day, and the heat began to return. I prepared my baggage, intending to proceed on my journey toward New York, which city I proposed to be my next resting place. I breakfasted abroad and dined at the tavern, where I met another strange medley of company, and among the rest a trader from Jamaica, a man of an inquisitive disposition, who seized me for half an hour. But I was upon the reserve.

I drank tea with Mrs. Cline at 5 o'clock. There was with her a masculine-faced lady, very much pitted with the smallpox. I soon found she was a Presbyterian, and a straight-laced one, too. She discovered my religion before I spoke. "You, sir," she said, "are an educated Presbyterian, and I hope you are not like most of your countrymen of that persuasion, who, when they leave the meeting and go to church, I told her that I had dealt impartially between both since I came to the place, for I had gone to neither. "That's still worse," said she.

I found this lady pretty well versed in the church kind of a day, and I am surprised," said she, "how your Government is suffering such a rascally defeat. Maryland has become a receptacle and, as it were, a common shore for all the filth and scum of that order. I am informed that the blacks, the most prodigious and such fellows, when they cannot live like gentlemen by their trades in that place, go home to take orders of some latitudinarian bishop and return learned preachers, setting up for teachers of the people that have more need of schooling themselves, but that might bear some excuse if their lives were exemplary and their morals good; but many of them are more completely wicked than the most prodigious and meanest of the filth. It is a shame that such fellows should be inducted into good livings, without any further ceremony or inquiry about them than a recommendation from Lord Baltimore."

I heard this long harangue with patience and attempted to speak in defense of our clergy, but the lady's instructions bore such credit with her that she would not be contradicted. I quoted the maxim of Constantine the Great, who used to say that when a clergyman offended he would cover him with his cloak; but her charity for the order I found did not extend so far, as I might have supposed, on in this kind of critical declamation till her stock was exhausted.

Classifying Your Countrymen

"What for kind of goods is that?"
Marks the speaker's habit
Up around Mr. Pocono,
Old Pine County or Monroe.

If one tells you "half-pawt tin"

You may safely set him down
As a Celt who hasn't been
Very long in Boston town.

The Ten and Pencil Club gave a dinner to Judges Sulzberger, Rogers and Wessels the other night, and John Reilly, in his speech, had the nerve to say: "Now that Judge Sulzberger has retired from the bench, it would be fine if he were to bequeath his sense of humor to Judge Wessels and his knowledge of the law to Judge Rogers. Ever since he's been trying to get on in the law, Judge Rogers that he meant no reflection upon him."

Odd

Of Poverty is very strange,
As strange as it can be;
For though it lacks a cent of change
It always has a "V."

Intimately hating are the mysteries of journalism, and the things we don't know is the Evening Journal's reason for heading the story of Clarence C. Bell's defeat of Joshua Crane in the issue of the "recruited man," "Gold Blazer Trophy is Won by Crane." —E. P. A. in N. Y. Tribune.

It certainly is curious, Frank; and some one on your own dear paper, perhaps at the very moment you were penning your comment, was pulling this mystery, which we find on the first page:

GERMANS LOSE DRIVING POWER

Troops No Longer Have "Splendid Disregard of Death."

TAKE UP THE LINE FROM BRITISH

A North 13th street store contributes this gem on a painted sign:

IT TAKES NERVE TO SELL AT OUR PRICES

WAIT A MINUTE. WE'LL ASK HIM
He—I wonder if the wise guy in that trench on your extreme western front could tell me what a "naprapath" is. Recently I saw a sign on Chestnut street near 13th setting forth that a Dr. So-and-So was one of them things.

THE EARTH GIVEN BY GRACE GEORGE.

Open-handed and generous, those actors!

MILITANT PRIEST'S FAITH IN AMERICA

Archbishop Mundelein an Enthusiast for Our Democracy—Showed Politician the Door—His Remarkable Career

IT WAS a foregone conclusion when the Rt. Rev. George W. Mundelein was appointed Archbishop of Chicago that his presence in the Middle West would soon become generally known, but, of course, it was hardly expected that he would come into the public eye through the medium of a poison plot of which he was one of the intended victims.

The man's record is notable, and given splendid promise for the future, but that might well be expected from the remarkable personality with which he is endowed. It is of particular interest to Pennsylvanians that he received part of his early education at St. Vincent's Seminary, at Beatty, in Westmoreland County.

Ordained to the priesthood only 29 years ago he is today the youngest Archbishop in America, if not in the world, and stands in direct line for the red hat of a Cardinal. He is 43 years old, and has received many of his very high and very numerous honors at an exceptionally early age in each instance. He was the youngest man to receive a diploma from Manhattan College. At the age of 37 he was the youngest bishop in the United States. Force of character and democratic principles and practice are strongly evident in the career of the Archbishop.

His Americanism dates back several generations. His grandfather, he is proud to say, answered Lincoln's first call for volunteers and gave his life for the country in one of the first battles of the Civil War. George W. Mundelein was born on the upper East Side of New York city in 1872. At school he was a brilliant pupil. He was offered a cadetship at Annapolis, but the call of the church had entered into his soul, and he entered Manhattan College to study for the priesthood. In 1889 he was ready for ordination, but was only 17 years old, and, therefore, too young. He continued his studies, and in 1892 was sent by Bishop McDonnell to the Urban College of the Propaganda at Rome. Returning to America he took charge of a parish in Brooklyn. Honors came to him rapidly. Chancellor of the Diocese of Brooklyn, monsignor and domestic prelate to the Pope, auxiliary bishop—these appointments tell but a small part of the story. He is, by the way, the only American member of the Liturgical Academy, and the only American member of the Academy of the Arcadia, which is a very ancient and exclusive association of learned men specially interested in fine literature and in purity of language.

Archbishop as an Artist

He is a man of conspicuous ability and talent in a number of directions. As priest, as chancellor and as bishop he has proven himself an able financier and a keen man of business. A prominent banker once remarked: "That man's talents will be wasted as a bishop. He ought to have been a bank president." But the Archbishop has also been an artist in his finger tips, with unerring taste and a profound love for the beautiful. In Brooklyn he built the Queen of All Saints' Church, which has been called the most perfect gem of pure Gothic architecture in America. Its fourteen windows of mosaic colored glass are hardly to be equaled on this side of the Atlantic. They contain the Bible story in 260 panels. The whole church was designed by Bishop Mundelein, who also selected the subjects for the windows and did much of the work of designing. This pile of lacelike stone and gorgeous glass is a monument to his genius as an artist.

The Archbishop is a very forceful speaker, and his remarks always attract attention because of their originality and aggressiveness. A profound scholar, he is deeply read in the literature of many lands, and is able to converse freely in at least five languages. He has been called militant. A few years ago a certain rich and influential politician quarreled with a priest and stirred up a good deal of trouble in the parish. The trustees were holding a meeting to consider the removal of the pastor when Bishop Mundelein appeared. The politician asked him, though not a trustee. The Bishop asked him what he wanted, and when the politician responded with a display of confidence in his own powers the Bishop told him to leave the room. The politician balked. The Bishop rose slowly from

his chair, looked the man squarely in the eye, pointed at the door and said, "I told you to go!" The politician looked at the Bishop, who stood there six feet in height and well proportioned, though slender. He slunk out of the room. The trustees began to explain how powerful the man was in politics, but the Bishop cut them short.

"Politics and religion don't mix."

That is part of the Archbishop's faith. He has never mixed in politics himself. His friends perhaps know what party ticket he votes, but it isn't public knowledge.

Poor Boys' Opportunities

An American by birth and education, as were his parents before him, and the grandson of a naturalized citizen who gave his life for the Union, Archbishop Mundelein is enthusiastically American. "We all have equal chances in this country," he says, "in spite of the talk about the corporations destroying the poor boy's chances. The poor boy can succeed as readily as the rich boy, and does so much oftener." When appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn six years ago he gave this message to the school children: "It is work, even more than brains, that counts. A great recommendation for hard work is that it keeps us out of mischief. Tell the children that every great and good thing in the world has been accomplished by perseverance and hard work."

CIVIC ADVERTISING

In an article in the EVENING LEDGER some time ago a prominent citizen of Detroit declared that Detroit had been "made" by advertising. But there are varieties of methods and other communities that have profited by publicity. The town of Quitman, Brooks County, Georgia, has been pointed out as illustrating the new spirit of the South and the beneficial effects of intelligently conducted civic advertising. When Quitman reached a population of about 500, it developed, as a heritage from its country village days, a self-deprecatory community spirit which manifested itself in "knock-ins" to the town, the shortcoming and backwardness of the municipality were paraded before citizens and visitors, while its advantages and excellencies were lost sight of. To combat this spirit, the Brooks County Industrial Club was formed. Although composed almost entirely of Quitman business men, the club was named in honor of the county because there was a general agreement that the county was more progressive than the city. The club then set out to make the most of the advantages of the community and to advertise Brooks as the banner county of the State.

Bacon and ham curing by individual farmers on a large scale was an asset peculiar to the county. A farmers' club had originated the custom of building small storage plants on the farm, which were used in storing surplus hams and bacon for the market. For 25 years the county has sold more bacon than any other county in the State. To advertise this and to bring the other advantages of the community before the townspeople and the State, an animal industry convention, the first in Georgia, was held under the auspices of the Industrial Club. There were more than 10,000 visitors. Hundreds of floats made by the farmers themselves, depicting the superiority of the county's hams, thoroughbred live stock and food product of all kinds, appeared in a parade. A second convention of the same sort aroused even greater interest. Towns within a radius of 100 miles were asked to join in the pageant, and the Georgia State Chamber of Commerce arranged an automobile tour from other sections of the State. More than 20,000 persons witnessed the pageant.

RETAILERS' PROFIT

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—I noticed in Saturday's EVENING LEDGER, under the heading of an article regarding "Profit in Coal Trade," that Mr. S. D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, stated as much as though the retail dealer selling coal at \$7.25 per ton has a margin of \$1.50 out of which to pay his expenses and make his profit.

If this were so the dealer would indeed be happy, but this is not so, as the cost of coal to dealers is as follows:

Cost of coal at mines.	Freight from mines.	Stacking.	Storage.	Net.	Gross.
\$5.50	\$1.70	\$1.70	\$1.70	\$2.55	\$7.25

Total cost on cars \$2.55. Net \$2.55. Sale price \$7.25. Margin \$4.70. Margin for handling, \$1.45. \$1.45. \$1.45. \$1.45.

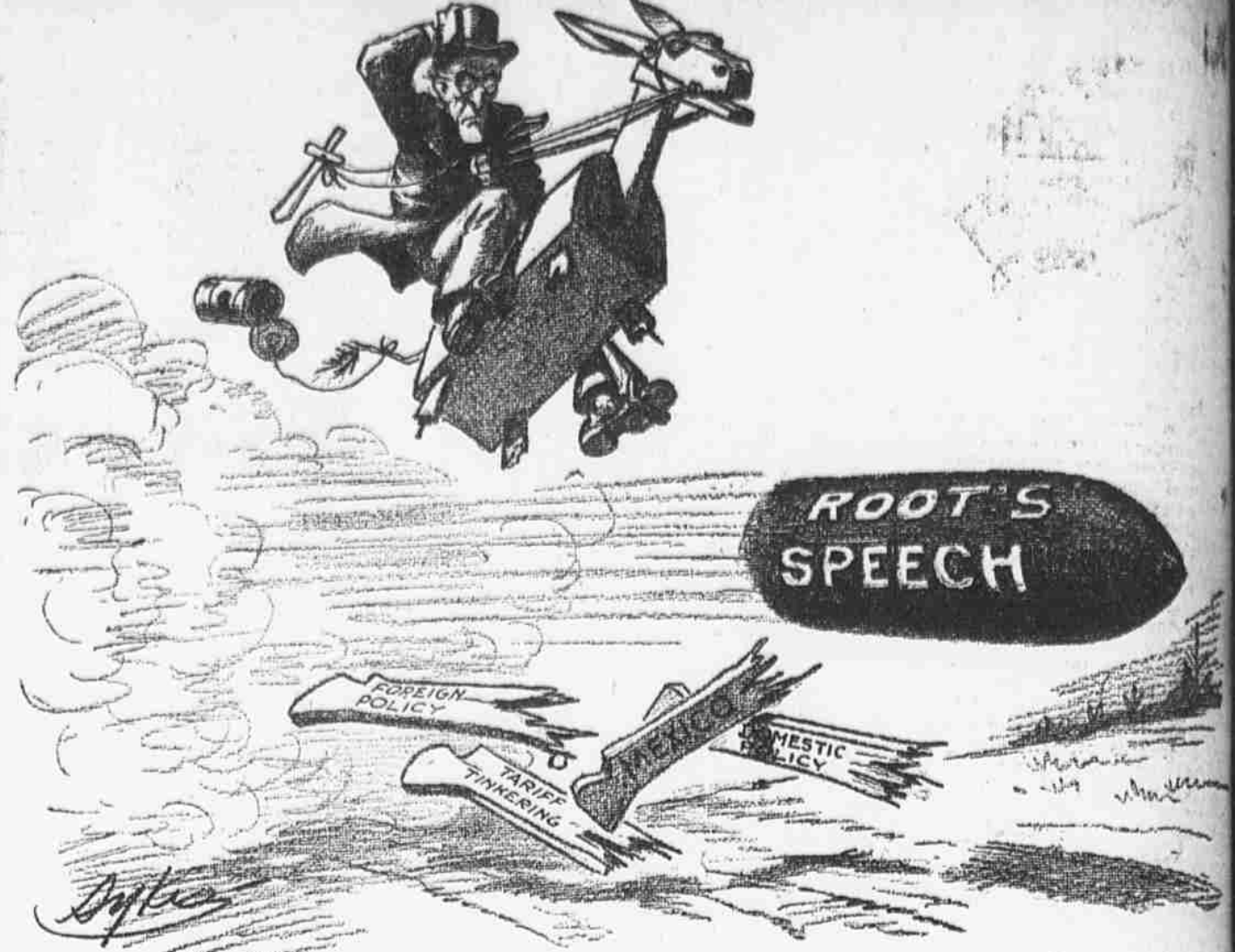
When it comes to the smaller or steam sizes the margin is rarely more than 75 cents per ton. The average shortage in weight of coal received by dealers is 25 cents per ton, as the coal is weighed wet at the mine or near it, but by the time the dealer delivers it to his customers the water has run out or evaporated, so that the average margin of a dealer who handles all sizes of coal is very little more than 50 cents, or less.

Under a lot of wares, horses, harness, shoes, etc., insurance, taxes, warehouse expenses, interest on investment, loss on credit accounts.

Philadelphia, February 15.

J. M.

NOT A LEG LEFT TO STAND ON



What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

QUIZ

1. Which is farther west, Pittsburgh or Chicago?
2. Who was the last public office held by Elihu Root?
3. What is the name of the most famous humorist of England?
4. Why are there 29 days in February once every four years?
5. What candidate for the Republican presidential nomination is a bachelor?
6. When did Sir Thomas Lawrence live?
7. What is the meaning of the word Philadelphian?
8. To what country is George T. Mays the American Ambassador?
9. What candidate for the nomination was first to receive a majority of the vote in the Democratic national convention in 1912?
10. What American inventor left the task of watchmaking to become a builder of automobiles?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Bombay.
2. German White Paper, British Blue Book, French Yellow Book, Russian Orange Paper, Belgian Gray Paper, Italian Green Book and Austrian Red Book.
3. The Governor of Guam is appointed by the President of the United States. The last Democratic national convention in 1912.
4. W. J. Maxwell.
5. Fifty cigars or 200 cigarettes or smoking in places not exceeding three pounds if for sale and one pound if for personal use.
6. Yes, and the Greeks before them.
7. Divided between Von Kluck and the Crown Prince.
8. Cousin.
9. Yes; or very close to it.
10. One has had an exclusive contract for a year for which he was paid, according to common report, \$250,000. The addition from the collection of the sacerdotal head ornaments of the high priest of the Old Testament is not known. It was not until the mitre was worn universally by bishops that it was considered an imitation of the Jewish sacerdotal head ornament.

The Papal Hat

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Can you tell me the earliest significance of the papal hat?

Philadelphia, February 15.

The mitre worn by bishops of the Western Church is a tall, tongue-shaped cap, terminating in a two-point point, supposed to symbolize the cloven tongues of fire in which the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. The Catholic Encyclopedia says of it: "The pontifical mitre is of Roman origin. It is derived from a nonliturgical head-covering, called the camelauro, the camelauro, which also the talar is traced. The camelauro was worn as early as the beginning of the 4th century. The mitre developed from it. The camelauro in this way. In the course of the 10th century the Pope began to wear this head-covering not merely during processions of the church, but also during the subsequent ceremonial service. Whether any influence was exerted by the collection of the sacerdotal head ornaments of the high priest of the Old Testament is not known. It was not until the mitre was worn universally by bishops that it was considered an imitation of the Jewish sacerdotal head ornament."

The Shorn Lamb

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Tallahassee, Fla., Feb. 15.—The expression "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb" in Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and not in the Bible. It comes from the French of Henri Estienne (1584) in this form: "Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tonduë." —PINE STREET.

Philadelphia, February 15.

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I find in the Tribune Ledger Almanac (first one issued in one of the back pages, "Familiar Quotations") this line:

God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb—Sterne.

A great many people think they can find it in the Bible.

Philadelphia, February 15.

The Victoria Cross

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—I have been told that the Victoria Cross is never given to a British soldier unless the act of bravery for which it is a reward was seen by an official holding a rank corresponding at least to that of an American brigadier general. Is it so?

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

Will some reader answer this question?

Frankford Arsenal

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Since coming to Philadelphia I have seen frequent references in the newspapers to the Frankford Arsenal, but I have found no one who could tell me exactly what it is. I appeal to you.

STRAZBURG, PA.

The Frankford Arsenal is the principal government plant for the manufacture of small arms ammunition and ammunition for small arms and for the manufacture of various instruments of precision for the army. It employs about 5000 hands and has a monthly expenditure of \$100,000. Its total annual expenditure amounts to \$5,000,000. The arsenal was founded in 1814. It is the second largest manufacturing establishment in Northeast Philadelphia.